

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 604 THIRTEENTH YEAR

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

THE CRITIC CO. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at the Kennedy Building, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893

Literature

"The Life of Sir Richard Burton"

By his Wife, Isabel Burton. With Numerous Portraits, Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. \$12. D. Appleton & Co.

"Oh, last and noblest of the Errant Knights,
The English soldier and the Arab Sheik!
Oh, singer of the East who loved so well
The deathless wonder of the 'Arabian Nights,'
Who touched Camoens' lute and still would seek
Ever new deeds until the end,—farewell!"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S vigorous lines on the death of Sir Richard Burton in 1890 are a fit epitaph for one of the noblest and strongest characters of modern times. It is not often that "The Arabian Nights" are tangibly realized in an age so remote as this from the days of Haroun al Raschid; but from the moment this dazzling Irishman came into existence, from the hour when the blood of Louis XIV. began to flow (by bar sinister) in his veins, these ancient fairy-tales began to take shape and color, and one of the most romantic of human lives unfolded swiftly and poetically.

No one can read the autobiography of the man from 1821 to 1861 without seeing in Burton what most people would call the "typical bad boy," but what was really only the flashing forth and foreshadowing of the force of the man. The family were nomad from the start, Bohemian on the Continent, wandering round Italy and France till the two boys were nearly twenty, picking up modern and neglecting ancient languages, made European out of all semblance to Englishmen or Irishmen and early filled with supreme contempt for insular narrowness and insular life. They became perfect linguists and imperfect patriots; they boxed and fenced and rode and danced to perfection, but their manners were as French and Italian as their dark, handsome faces; and when they went to Oxford they were as un-English as they well could be, and were of the Romance rather than the Teuton type. The scandalous frankness of the autobiography reveals all the ups and downs of this gypsy life without concealment but with singular charm. The two Burtons were of the wilful, noisy, independent, unmanageable sort, far too full of animal spirits for asthmatic mother or bronchitic father; and the story of their tricks and pranks, practised on unhappy tutors and governesses, the continual fights and squabbles in which their youth was passed, their strange accomplishments and precocious wickedness, their rustication from the University and perpetual brawling and undutiful conduct everywhere, leaves a decidedly painful impression, softened here and there by Lady Burton's deprecatory footnotes and amiable glossings.

The Burton house, according to these self-revelations of its eldest son and heir, was a small pandemonium-land, unrelieved by the caustic ridicule sprayed vitriol-like over the numerous aunts and cousins and grandmothers who intrude upon the story. The narrative is vivid beyond description and absolutely cold-blooded in its analysis of men and things. Sir Richard stands full-length before his own mirror, without a vestige of moral clothing on him, almost as nude as the Rousseau of "Les Confessions," yet fascinating in his nudity. Brusque, brilliant, almost savage in his coarseness, yet full of cultivation, of polish, of refinement when he wanted to be, he presents the startling paradox of a multiple man in one—of a scholar, linguist, explorer, traveller, poet, translator, agnostic and Christian, combined facet-like into a whole, perplexing in the versatility of its changings and flashings. Lady Burton alone seems to have understood him and his polytechnic ways. She loved and learned him for forty-three years, and the lesson was always new. Her passionate adoration emerges in preface and foot-

note and public letter and epilogue, and her rare intellectual force enabled her to win and retain a counter-love as strong as death. Such a biography has rarely been written by a wife, so true, so eloquent, so instructive, so ablaze with fiery enthusiasm for her subject. The style glows like a live coal and is only rivalled in graphic force by that of Sir Richard himself who darts with hidden lights and fires like a human opal. To quote from such a book is to present a brick to one asking for a description of a house; the reader must see and judge for himself of the quality and keen personal force of the writing (some 1200 pages of closely printed paper, destitute of a single dull line). The intertwined lives of husband and wife are linked everywhere through it, like the Y and F of the royal monogram of Ferdinand and Isabella—an inseparable but most significant hieroglyphic.

Lady Burton is an enthusiastic Catholic, and she believes that "Richard" was one too; but of this there may well be two opinions. Her whole book is a *chapelle ardente* of fiery faith, while he, loving and continually talking agnosticism, was often found secretly praying most fervent prayers! And so he died, a mystic, a Sufi, a Brahman, a Mohammedan, a Christian, a sceptic—in short, a many-sided eclectic, with a sort of compound eye of faith and compound vision. All his life from early youth had been spent in his country's service, and the only recognition he got was four petty consulships in Brazil, and at Damascus and Trieste, and the empty title of "Sir," which was tossed to him late in life. Lady Burton, the heroic wife, has been long engaged upon a complete memorial edition of his works and diaries, his translations, travels and MSS. His enormous versatility was such that any but a devoted Penelope might well shrink from undertaking such a series of publications.

The master of twenty-nine languages, author of the fascinating "Book of the Sword," introducer into the British army of its present system of bayonet practice, writer of philosophic and *Gelegensheit-gedichte*, discoverer of Lake Tanganyika, venturesome pilgrim to Mecca and Medina, intimate friend of Gordon and Speke, and true discoverer of "The Arabian Nights" as an ethnographical work of the first importance, Richard Burton was the last of the "admirable Crichtons"; and the task of telling his story was one that could be fitly and capably accomplished only by a life-long associate. Lady Burton's volume bears every evidence of painstaking care, accuracy, fulness, sympathy and first knowledge: it is a suitable companion to the volumes of his writings and Arabian translations on which she collaborated so faithfully from 1885 to 1888. The nervous, forcible English brings the man before us without mask or malice or finery—an athlete, six feet in height, with brilliant dark eyes, melodious voice, grasp of iron, and incomparable conversational powers, equally at home in the Soudan, on the Gold Coast, among the lianas and humming-birds of Brazil, or the salons of Italy, France and England. Only England can produce men like him and Sir John Bowring and Chinese Gordon and Prof. Palmer—combinations of the matter-of-fact and the incredible, as ready to die as to live for their country's welfare. That such a man as Burton could live to be seventy and die of gout, is another paradox in a career replete with paradoxes, for of such men, burning with unquenchable intellectual fire, we expect only the brief career of Shakespeare, Schiller, Molière and Balzac—forty or fifty years at most. The Byron of travellers and linguists, he never broke down like his poetic prototype, but lived forcefully through a long life and died peacefully of the aristocratic disease of which usually only the peaceful and the inert die.

Lady Burton's dedication is as follows:—"To my Earthly Master, who is waiting for me on Heaven's frontiers. Whilst

waiting to rejoin you, I leave as a message to the World we inhabited, the record of the Life into which both our lives were fused. Would that I could write as well as I can love, and do you that justice, that honour, which you deserve! I will do my best, and then I will leave it to more brilliant pens, whose wielders will feel less—and write better. Meet me soon—I wait the signal!" Of himself Burton says early in his autobiography:—"I was intended for that wretched being, the infant phenomenon, and so began Latin at three and Greek at four. Things are better now." And of his father:—"He was determined that none of them [his boys] should enter the army; the consequence being that both the sons became soldiers, and the only daughter married a soldier. * * *

However, in order to crush their pride, they were told that they should enter 'Oxford College as sizars, poor gentlemen who are supported by the alms of others.' Our feelings may be imagined. We determined to enlist, or go before the mast, or to turn Turks, banditti, or pirates, rather than undergo such an indignity."

After this hint of their rearing, Burton goes on to tell of their numerous Continental wanderings. They reach Naples, where "the people had determined that the cholera was poison, and doubtless many made use of the opportunity to get rid of husbands and wives and other inconvenient relationships; but when the mob proceeded to murder the doctors, and to gather in the market-square with drawn knives, declaring that the Government had poisoned the provisions, the King himself drove up in a phaeton and jumped out of it entirely alone, told them to put up their ridiculous weapons, and to show him where the poisoned provisions were, and, seating himself upon a bench, ate as much as his stomach would contain. Even the *lassaroni* were not proof against this heroism, but cheered him to his heart's content. * * *

Outside Naples was a large plain, pierced with pits, like the silos or underground granaries of Algeria and North Africa. They were lined with stone, and the mouths were covered with one big slab, just large enough to allow a corpse to pass. Into these flesh-pots were thrown the unfortunate bodies of the poor, after being stripped of the rags which acted as their winding-sheets. * * *

The decay caused a kind of lambent blue flame about the sides of the pit, which lit up a mass of human corruption, worthy to be described by Dante."

The new Italy "is no longer the classical Italy of Landor, nor the romantic Italy of Leigh Hunt, nor the ideal Italy of the Brownings, nor the spiritualized Italy of George Eliot, nor the everyday Italy of Charles Lever. They thought they were going to do everything when they changed Masters, but they have only succeeded in making it a noisy, vulgar, quarrelsome and contentious, arrogant, money-grasping Italy, and the sooner it receives a sound drubbing from France or Austria the better for it. It will then reform itself."

He describes the English Mediterranean steamers of those days as follows:—"The cabins were dog-holes, with a pestiferous atmosphere, and food consisted of greasy butter, bread which might be called dough, eggs with a perfume, rusty bacon, milkless tea and coffee that might be mistaken for each other, waxy potatoes, graveolent greens *cinté à lean*, stickjaw pudding, and cannibal haunches of meat, charred without and blue within." Among the sanitariums for sick people, he "proposed to utilize the regions about the beautiful Dead Sea, about 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, where oxygen accumulates, and where, run as hard as you like, you can never be out of breath. This will be the great Consumptive Hospital of the future. At Oxford the college cooks were great swells. They were paid as much as average clergymen, and put most of their sons into the Church. In fact, the stomach had to do the whole work, whereas a good French or Italian cook does half the work for it in his saucepan." There "Dr. Newman, Vicar of St. Mary's, * * * used to preach University sermons; there was a stamp and seal upon him, a solemn music and sweetness in his tone and manner, which made him singularly attractive, yet there was no change of inflexion in

his voice; action he had none; his sermons were always read, and his eyes were ever upon his book."

Burton was laughed at for speaking in Roman Latin—real Latin—"not knowing the English pronunciation, only known in England." This was the way, even at Oxford, where he first took up Arabic alone and without help, that this Mezzofanti learnt his twenty-nine languages. "My system of learning a language in two months was purely my own invention, and thoroughly suited myself. I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learnt them by heart by carrying them in my pocket and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the Gospels is the most come-at-able), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae. * * *

The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. * * *

I was delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and Cuneiform, because I felt that they impressed themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by-and-by, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for transliterating Eastern languages, such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew and Syriac, into Latin letters."

In 1880 began to appear his version of Camoens (dedicated to Swinburne). "My Master," he calls him; adding, "on board raft and canoe, the sailing vessel and steamer, on the camel and mule, under the tent and the jungle tree, on the fire-peak and the snow-peak, Camoens has been my companion, my consoler, my friend." The work was to be complete in ten volumes, six of which appeared, including the profound "Life and Commentary." Burton's own most original verse was the lovely *Kasidah*, or couplets, worthy of Omar Khayyam. "The Arabian Nights," on which he worked thirty or thirty-five years, brought him nearly 15,000*l.*, and is his *magnum opus*. The financial part was conducted by Lady Burton, who sent out 34,000 circulars. The version, imitable in its English, its rhythm, its metrical bits, its commentary and its knowledge of Oriental life and manners displayed in overflowing Notes, was primarily intended as a help to the Government in understanding the immense Moslem nations and tribes with which it had to deal, and was received with almost universal acclaim. It revealed a masterly knowledge of Egyptian Arabic, which is half-way between literary and colloquial Arabic. It came out in sombre black and dazzling gold—"the livery of the Abassides"—true symbol of its contents. Burton wrote:—"Many a time and oft, after the day's journey was over, I gathered the Arabs around me and read or recited these tales to them, until the tears trickled down their cheeks and they rolled on the sand in uncontrollable delight." The marvellous esoteric insight, disclosed by his notes, into Oriental practices and customs makes his work, combined with Lane's, a complete interpretation of the storied East. Galland, Habricht, Torrens, Lane and Payne had grappled more or less imperfectly with the great *corpus* of Eastern folklore in these wonder-stories of Scheherazade, but only Burton showed himself the perfect master of the mighty work, "the quatrains and couplets reading like verses from Elizabethan mantels, and forming a perfect rosary of Eastern lore." His "Alf Loylah wa Loylah" is thus truly a picture of the "Children of the Sun" in all their frolicsomeness, naiveté, sensuality and sadness.

Lady Burton's book would have profited by editing.

—David Balfour—

A Sequel to "Kidnapped." By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1.50. Chat. Scribner's Sons.

IN THIS SEQUEL to "Kidnapped," Mr. Stevenson has ventured on a love-story—not one of the robustious sort affected by most modern novelists, but a tale of youthful, roman-

tic, vacillating, half innocent and wholly inexperienced passion. David is on his way to lodgings, a bank-porter marching ahead with a bag of his new-gained money, when he sees a grey-eyed young lady, with two ragged gillies, at the door of a house into which a prisoner has just been led by a file of soldiers. An opportune shower gives him time to discover that she is Catriona Drummond, daughter of James More Drummond, or Macgregor, arrested on a charge of abduction, and that she is in sore tribulation because one of her servants has lost the fourpence that was to have bought snuff for her father. Whereupon David, it being his lucky day, disburses sixpence to the gillie, and is engaged to call on the young lady to recover it. For this act of generosity he is soundly reprov'd by the porter as a fool, and is called "Sixpence" by the young lady's aunt, when he makes his loan the excuse for a visit; but before the transaction is ended the two principals have fallen in love.

It is no sixpenny love-affair, destined to a smooth course and a swift ending. David, as readers of "Kidnapped" will remember, was bound to see his friend, Alan Breck Stewart, safe out of Scotland, and to bear witness to the innocence of Stewart's brother, imprisoned for a murder with which he had no connection. The Government, as he has been informed, and as he finds to be the case, are determined to hang this Stewart, innocent or not, for reasons of state—and the other, if they can catch him. David gets Alan away to France; but, other efforts to silence him having failed, he is once again kidnapped, this time by the Lord Advocate's orders, and imprisoned in a dismantled fortress until the trial is over, and Stewart, by all manner of foul dealing, sentenced to be hanged. In this part of his story, Mr. Stevenson betrays what is probably his profoundest conviction: that people do right more often from impulse than on principle: the legal murderer of Stewart, led by mere liking, puts himself to much inconvenience to keep Master David from getting entangled in his machinery.

David's own subsequent conduct is another example. His principles and his tactless Scotch prudence are his undoing; he is saved only by his moments of recklessness. Released, he sets off for Holland and has his Catriona thrown upon his hands in Rotterdam, through her father's mismanagement. His thrift, reinforced by vague scruples of conscience, forbids him to marry, but not to take Catriona to his rooms, in Leyden. This, when the father arrives (having been permitted to escape for turning King's evidence in the Stewart case), leads to scenes in which no one shines, not even the author. David, between hot and cold, affronts his "little friend," that she may not too hastily link her life with his; James More refrains from cutting his throat on learning that he has just come into his estate; Catriona, of whom the reader has been led to expect better, for a time puts on a doll's face and lets herself be chaffered about by the two men. These, which ought to be the strongest, are the tamest chapters in the book. The lovers quarrel, make up, and quarrel again, on just what grounds it is impossible to say; though, surely, however necessary it be that they should misunderstand one another, the reader should have something more than a half-light to go by. The men dicker over points of honor as though from pure love of argument. But, with all the talk no one's position is very clear. A panic dread of the conventional "young person" seems to have overcome the author, for one thing; for another, he has perhaps feared to make his hero look sordid or silly or too much a prig, though no one knows better than he that, in fiction at least, everything is to be forgiven to youth that it can manage to scrape through. Doubtless, this might be dangerous doctrine to preach *virginibus puerisque*; but it looks as if Mr. Stevenson had been prepared to take the risk, and had only thought better, or rather worse, of it when it came to the point. His novel is the weaker and not any the purer. Let the reader compare these chapters with the Parisian episode in David Grieve, and he will see where Mr. Stevenson has failed. The result here is that David Balfour very ungraciously proffers marriage and is refused; and Catriona goes

away with her father, though she begins to see the latter in his true light as a rumbler and a scoundrel.

Thus is the story brought to a dead point; and now Alan Stewart comes in to give the wheels a new turn. This he finds little difficulty in doing, for the young people's unexplained doubts and scruples having vanished of themselves, he gives Macgregor a chance to prove himself a traitor, and takes the girl to Paris, where she and David are married. Apart from the sudden weakening of both style and matter where strength was imperatively called for, the tale is most artistically told. Nothing can be better than the passages at arms between David and the Lord Advocate, Grant; and Highland and Lowland types of character have never been more minutely analyzed nor more curiously contrasted. And there is hardly a sentence to which a better turn might be given, nor an incident, always excepting some of those at Leyden, that could be spared.

Prof. Shaler on Natural Theology

The Interpretation of Nature. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. 81.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A WORK by the eminent Harvard Professor of Geology on the conciliation of science and religion cannot fail to deserve careful attention. From the preface of Prof. Shaler's book, which he has entitled, somewhat vaguely, "The Interpretation of Nature," we learn that it comprises the substance of a course of lectures which he delivered before the students of Andover Theological Seminary in 1891, and that the object of the course, as might be supposed, was to improve, if possible, the "somewhat strained relations" (to use the author's gentle phrase) "between natural science and religion." The object is one which must commend itself to the good-will of every reader, even though he may begin his perusal with the dubious feeling with which the author frankly admits that he undertook the preparation of the course. He was conscious of the difficulties of the task, and "was at first disposed to be daunted by them." Nor can it be said that he has succeeded entirely, or even in a very large measure, in overcoming them. But no one that reads "The Interpretation of Nature" will regret that he has made the attempt. We have in it a survey, by a master of science, of the latest achievements in almost every branch of investigation comprised in the wide field from astronomy to physiology, and are brought in the end to the limit where the known meets with the unknown, if not the unknowable. Beyond this limit, we have the hardly less instructive suggestions of a candid and truth-seeking mind, optimistic in temper, and willing to accept the best belief where scientific certainty is unattainable.

In his opinion, the purely materialistic or agnostic view is losing its hold on men of science. "Naturalists are being driven step by step to hypothecate the presence in the universe of conditions which are best explained by the supposition that the direction of affairs is in the control of something like our own intelligence." He is convinced that "in the next century there will be a state of science in which the unknown will be conceived as peopled with powers whose existence is justly and necessarily inferred from the knowledge which has been obtained from their manifestations." This, it will be seen, is the argument of Paley's "Natural Theology." Prof. Shaler's prediction is, therefore, that the twentieth century will, in its philosophy of religion, revert to the position of the eighteenth, and that our apparent progress in this line will prove to have been simply a movement in a circle. But the religion thus accepted will be one of which the essence will be "the moral interpretation of the universe," and this interpretation must be subject to natural law. "So far as religion bases its doctrines on the hypothesis that events in the natural world occur outside of the realm of law, there seems at present no prospect of a real reconciliation." But "so far as religion is founded, or may be made to rest, on phenomena of man's moral nature and on the sense of the depth of the universe, the limitless possibility of its conditions, we are entitled to expect a substantial unity."

If these expressions are not altogether clear, their general drift is evident. When the votaries of theology shall acknowledge a religion subject to natural law (that is, a non-miraculous religion) and when the votaries of science shall admit that natural law is the outcome of an extra-natural power "which makes for righteousness" (to use Matthew Arnold's well-known phrase), the two schools of thought will become reconciled and will coalesce. It may be that they are approaching this point, and that there are minds on both sides prepared for it; but the prospect of its general attainment does not seem very promising. Such efforts and arguments, however, as those of Prof. Shaler cannot fail to do good, if only by inducing some of his fellow-naturalists to admit, with him, that the narrowness of vision and severity of judgment in this controversy are not all on one side.

"Without Dogma"

By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Isa Young. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

LEAVING for a time the field of historical romance, in which he has gained unquestioned trophies, our author looks in quite a different direction for the theme of this novel. It might be labelled "The Autobiography of a Passion," for it deals exclusively with the workings of a soul intent upon selfish, sensual ends. The odd title is intended to characterize the narrator, a sort of restless, variable, irresolute, pessimistic Hamlet, with no solid basis of belief in anything. He is a man of thirty-five, rich and idle, with pluck enough, as he says, to carry him on an Arctic expedition, or as a missionary to darkest Africa, but, in the presence of life's problems, rendered powerless by his scepticism. He doubts, and philosophizes, and, if he ever arrives at the point of decision, he finds reason to regret the step. He writes much about love, and his idea of the tender passion may be inferred from the remark that "to teach an angel how to become a woman is the very height of victory." It is with his endeavor after such a victory that the story is mostly concerned.

The angel is Aniela, loving and lovable, and at one time to be had for the asking. But our hesitant Leon will ask "to-morrow"; and to-morrow finds him on the way to Rome, whither he is summoned by the illness of his father. Here he meets Mrs. Davis, a statuesque beauty. There is a Mr. Davis, but he is a sickly, weak, pitiful creature, a mere zero in all his wife's calculations. At last his affections (such as they are) revert to his angel, and he almost concludes that he made a mistake in not marrying her. When he learns that, meanwhile, at her mother's behest, she has accepted another suitor, he is in a rage, but does not despair of convincing her that love is superior to duty. His efforts in this direction form the real motive of the book, and the portrayal of the siege of a human heart is as forcible, in its way, as anything the author has yet done in his battle sketches.

To the majority of readers, delighting in the record of deeds rather than that of thoughts, these 420 pages of introspective analysis of the soul's emotions, offer little that is attractive. But they will have more than a passing interest to all explorers in the realms of psychology, who will pronounce this one of the notable novels of the year. The translation is in idiomatic English, with no trace of foreign origin, and, in this respect, is worthy of high praise.

Poetry and Verse

IT IS A PITY that a young poet of Mr. Madison Cawein's assiduity in the practice of his art should not be able to recognize the fact that quality is of more importance than quantity. Within six years he has written and had published seven volumes of verse, and yet we find in the seventh, "Red Leaves and Roses," such an impossible and hopeless thing as this:—

"What breaths this wind has! As it runs
Around each unprotected tree
Its foggy eyes I seem to see,
Inhuman, yet a woman's ones."

It is infelicities of this kind that spoil most of his work. He does not seem willing to master the rules of his art, and the result is

that the same faults of taste and execution which were present in his first book are also present in his latest. His writing abounds in inversions, solecisms and a multiplicity of words often fantastically used, which seem employed for words' sake alone. He apparently forgets that words have a grammatical relationship, and that there is such a crime as *verbiage*. The character of the verse in "Red Leaves and Roses" is quite similar to that of his previous verse. The best poem in the collection is "The Thorn Tree." But Mr. Cawein needs to learn to write simply and naturally; to rid himself of the notion that poetry must deal largely with murder, suicide and other violent crimes; to make sure that his sentences will parse, and always to make his meaning intelligible to the reader. His gift is no mean one; but until he frees himself of a verbal bondage it will never have a fair chance. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

PATRIOTISM, a quick sympathy with those in sorrow and need, a strong affection for one's fellow-men, an appreciation of nature and a creditable skill in the writing of simple verse—these are the main characteristics of Mr. D. M. Jones's "Songs for the Hour." Nothing in the volume is of a kind to convince the reader that the author is a great poet, but nearly all the songs prove him to be something more than an ordinary verse-maker. Feeling, sincerity and a love of poetry go a long way toward making "Songs for the Hour" agreeable. The book is attractively printed and bound. (\$2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"A DRAMA IN blank-verse may challenge criticism by suggesting presumption on the part of the author," quoth Mr. Otto Frederick Schupphaus in the preface to "The Plutocrat," a drama in five acts. And he is right. A drama may, again it may not do any challenging. This one does not. It is stuff—the kind on which bad dreams are made. (A. Lovell & Co.)—THE FOURTH EDITION of Mr. Frank Leyton's "Shadows of the Lake" is a painful thing to contemplate. There is a vein of rich hopelessness and sorrow in these lugubrious verses which ought to be worked by a grave-digger. These shadows must be of the Dead Sea. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE ONE-VOLUME EDITIONS of the complete works of standard poets included in the "Globe" series, or issued in the same general style, are model books of their class. The latest volumes, the "Wordsworth" and the "Shelley," have been particularly good; and now we have "The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" in the same admirable style, edited by Mr. James Dykes Campbell. After a biographical introduction of 120 pages, 474 are filled with the poems and dramas, together with everything else that Coleridge ever wrote in verse, including, in addition to all that was in the edition of 1829 (the last to which the poet gave personal care and attention), all that was dropped by Coleridge from the various collections issued in his lifetime; all that has been added by his editors from various sources; some things overlooked by former editors, though already in print, and a considerable number of poems and fragments—some of them important and all of them interesting—which hitherto have remained in manuscript. About 200 additional pages are occupied by appendices giving the original versions of poems (like "The Ancient Mariner," for example) which underwent much alteration before receiving their final form; copious notes on the poems; an index to the poems, and an index to first lines. All this matter is printed in small but exquisitely clear type, and, so far as we can judge from a somewhat minute examination of portions here and there, with remarkable accuracy. The compact book comprises what might have been easily spread out into three or four costly volumes, but is furnished in this neat and convenient form at the insignificant price of \$1.75. No better or cheaper edition of Coleridge is likely to appear. (Macmillan & Co.)

Fiction

"DONALD MARCY," by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, is a story of college life that deals with the questions peculiar to scholastic days. The evils of hazing, the struggle for an essay prize, the first realization of moral courage, the blossoming of love, the financial failure and the death of his father—all came to the hero within the short period of his first two years in college. That he bore the shocks of fortune with fortitude and came out perfected by the chastening is a foregone conclusion, since Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is his literary creator. To her, life is a discipline that builds character, and to have chosen an unworthy illustration of this would have been as untrue to her creed as to her art. Immortality is not more certain than the ethical tendency of the race. This is the unspoken message of the book embodied in the lives of these young collegians. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"THE VOICE of a Flower," by E. Girard, is a quaint little story told with the delicacy that always distinguishes this writer's work. The flower, whose seeds had been given by his sweetheart as a parting gift, sprang over the heart of the murdered lover where he lay buried in the

forest by the hand of the traitor who slew him. There the heroine saw the flower when, months afterwards, she walked through the forest with the man who had killed her lover and who had tried to persuade her that he had been false. Half poetical, half real, the tale cannot fail to appeal to those who have a fancy for bits of mediæval romance in modern guise. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE LEGEND OF LOVE," by H. V. Sutherland, is a fanciful tale "adapted to the requirements of children and others." Its hero, Yverdel, lived in the days "when men were sincere and women were true." This, it appears, was not too long ago for the father of Princess Eidole, the heroine, to give his daughter a course in Delsarte, after which Yverdel fell in love with her. But, like some modern young ladies, Eidole was incapable of loving, for she was soulless. In justice to the Delsarteans, however, it should be stated that, before the Princess's birth, her father, King Ba, had traded a life-lease of her soul to the Witch of Lût for a stock of horrible secrets. A mortgage on King Ba's soul was a part of the bargain, the lien to be foreclosed at his death. When the King's intention to marry his daughter to Yverdel became known to the powers of darkness, a Thing lighted upon him in the forest and carried him away, first showing him to Eidole and shocking her beyond recovery. This was not such a bad thing for the Princess as it might seem at first glance, for her soul was restored at death and she now watches over her boy-lover, and awaits his coming, upon the "outermost porch of Paradise." The author writes in a limpid, forcible style that heightens the fantastic effect of his imaginings. (San Francisco: privately printed.)

"THE LAST SENTENCE," by Maxwell Gray, is a book chiefly remarkable for the painstaking quality of its work. The author, since she began her career with that original piece of writing, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has gone on producing fiction that must be admitted to be both conscientious and correct. She is like a painter whose first exhibited picture was an artistic success that justified his adoption of pictorial art as a profession, and who has gone on perfecting himself in the details of his art. One feels that Maxwell Gray has become an accomplished draughtsman and that she has a very decided taste for composition; but all her cultivation will never supply the freshness and force of her first volume. Intent on finishing her work with elaborate precision, to this end she sacrifices its dramatic vigor. "The Last Sentence" is a novel of dramatic possibilities and forcibly suggests the earlier story in the moral questions involved. In both books, a great wrong has been committed by the hero, who spends his life in one long round of honors and pleasures, which he has undeservedly got at another's expense. In both instances there is an unacknowledged child and a violent ending to the life of the wrongdoer. The climax of "The Last Sentence" is that of a father who, as judge, was called upon to pronounce the death-sentence upon his own daughter, who had just been convicted of child-murder. This he did in the presence of the whole court-room, convinced himself of the identity of the child he had so long ago abandoned. Watching him sat the woman who, for twenty years, had been his wife, and who saw his life stretch out before her in one long pitiable untruth. Before the words of the sentence had left his lips, with a cry to the child he had sentenced, he fell in a fit of apoplexy. Scenes like this appeal strongly to the imagination. Every one has a lingering belief in an earthly retribution. It is the trade of the novelist to select and reproduce such moments, but it is the test of the artist to do it well. (\$1.50. Anglo-American Pub. Co.)

THIS IS NOT the first time that the editor of *The North American Review* has appeared before the public as a novelist, but in "Friends in Exile" he has found a subject very much to his hand. The title of the book is descriptive. The characters who appear on its pages are indeed "friends in exile," by which the author means Americans who, for the time being at any rate, are making their homes abroad. Mr. Bryce knows this self-exiled colony pretty well, for he has lived among it in his country's service. The principal male character in the book is the Hon. Samuel Jackson, a homely, honest American citizen, who has been rewarded for faithful service to his political party with the French mission. He is a middle-aged man, and of course knows not a word of French, but he has native shrewdness and good commonsense united with a kindly heart. At one time in his political career it looked as though he might succumb to one of the temptations that beset the path of a public man, particularly a man with influence, but his commonsense saved him. To the voice of the siren he answered: "I have had a pretty wide experience of life, and I have learned this: that a woman never gives up anything for a man past fifty, except the debt be paid at usurious interest." The subordinate characters in the story are well drawn and will be recognized as excellent types of their class. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

"MISS HONORIA" is a tale of a remote corner of Ireland by Frederick Langbridge. It is one of a new series of short novels which is hereafter to be called the Tavistock Library. Miss Honoria is a middle-aged person of philanthropic propensities, who assists the Rector in all of his duties toward the more or less unfortunate inhabitants of their little village. The inevitable young man appears who should fall in love with Miss Honoria because she falls in love with him. He doesn't do it, however, for he is human and the youth, beauty and freshness of another woman attract him irresistibly. He is not a bad sort of a fellow, but he is wild and our good people despair of him until he shows he can do his duty by working among his fellow-creatures in the slums of London. He comes back to the village with a mistaken sense of obligation oppressing him, until he is relieved by Miss Honoria as usual and made happy. The story is simple, rather sweet, but not of sufficient importance to attract attention. (50 cts. Frederick Warne & Co.)—ANOTHER VOLUME in this same library lies before us. This one is called "The Doctor's Idol" and is by Christian Lys. It is a curious story, interesting and rather well-written, of a doctor who lives all by himself in the heart of London. One night as he is reading in his library he sees the heavy window-curtains suddenly begin to shiver, and from behind them appears a dark brown face belonging to a Hindu who, despairing of reaching the doctor's ear in any other way, secretes himself behind the curtains and waits his opportunity. He begs to become the doctor's servant and is at last accepted as such, and soon is nothing more or less than the doctor's idol. The love-episode is not wanting in the story, but it does not play so conspicuous a part as the Hindu. (75 cents. Frederick Warne & Co.)

"AT THE RISING OF THE MOON" is a collection of Irish stories and studies by Frank Matthew. The telling of these stories was suggested to the author by the discovery of a dried weed, a bit of shamrock among some dusty papers in his chambers in the Temple. He had gathered it many years before on a moor by Liscannor, and at the sight of it his thoughts went back to old times and to many friends, and he determined to write the stories out before his memory was as faded as the shamrocks. A fair sample of what they are is the tale of the baby discovered by Father Flannery in a deserted cottage at night in a dreadful storm. Its mother lay dead beside it, and the priest took the boy home and raised him as his own, deriving much comfort and happiness therefrom. If one had not already read so many stories like these they might be interesting, but we have heard such things told many a time and oft before, and the taste for them has palled a little. The book is illustrated. (\$1.25. The Anglo-American Pub. Co.)—"A BORDER LEADER," by Howard Seely, is, as one might suppose, a story of a young countryman who swam a river to see his sweetheart. The difference between him and the original of his name is that although his swimming feat is performed twice every day, it does not cost him his life. He and his sweetheart are both, however, rather dull and rather vulgar and the situation is of necessity more fatiguing than poetic. The story has no plot worth mentioning; its humor is forced, and its characters hopeless. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

GRANT ALLEN's new story, "The Scallywag," is readable, but nothing more. One forecasts the result absolutely from the first chapter of this long tale. Paul Gascoyne is undoubtedly a scallywag and looks the character to perfection. He has that shy and shrinking air which belongs by nature to those poor creatures who slink along timidly through the back alleys of life, and fear to tread with a free and open footstep the main highways of respectable humanity. The day of small things has weighed upon him heavily, the iron of poverty and ancestral care has entered into his soul. He is a person conscious, rightly or wrongly, that by accident or demerit he fills a minor place in the world's esteem. Two people believe in him, however; the one a man who, recognizing what Paul has made of himself under adverse circumstances, leaves him his entire fortune, and the other a woman who loves and marries him in spite of all argument. (\$1. Cassell Publishing Co.)—"PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE," by Gilbert Parker, is a collection of tales that describe with more or less fidelity the conditions of life in the northern latitude of British America within the boundary lines of the Hudson Bay Company. Excepting for meagre accounts from travellers and traders, the ordinary public have no means of knowing anything about the life in this vast tract of land—a land peopled by men of our own as well as of an inferior race. The book has no great value from a literary point of view, and must be judged, as the author has said, as an attempt at a faithful narrative of unrecorded and unsuspected romances in a country where nature is harsh and unloving and man unlovely. (\$1. Wayside Pub. Co.)

"ORIOLES'S DAUGHTER," by Jessie Fothergill, is the title of a story that has for its motive the arraignment of the social custom of marrying young girls for money. The heroine, a lovely young Italian girl, the illegitimate daughter of Signor Orioles, is married to a rich, dissipated Australian, whom she loathes and who makes her life one long horror. The mother of the girl was an unprincipled woman, who had borne Signor Orioles this child while she was the wife of another man; a woman whom he would not marry when it was possible for him to do so because of her looseness of character, but to whom he had sacrificed his whole life in order that he might be near his daughter. When the daughter grew up, he having lived a life of supine wretchedness, was morally powerless to advise and protect her. At the critical moment in his child's life, he was weak as he had all along been in his own. This situation is not new in fiction. The plots of this book and of Henry James's "Roderick Hudson" are similar enough to compare the woman's and the man's handling of this difficult question. In "Roderick Hudson" the father of the girl that is sacrificed to the mother's greed for money is made to appear weakly despicable to the reader throughout the book. The girl herself is worldly and proud and justifies the social training she had had, by accepting the man of her mother's choice. But this does not excuse the father's shameful lack of manliness in the whole affair. Pity his misery as much as the reader may, Henry James never lets one lose sight of the fact that the man's down-trodden condition is a kind of poetic justice. In Miss Fothergill's book, however, Signor Orioles is glorified into something like a martyr who is the real hero of the book. To us it is a significant point that the volume voices a tendency, in fiction written by women, to take a sentimental view of deserved suffering and to waste good work over false situations. (\$1.25. Anglo-American Pub. Co.)

IT IS PLEASANT for a moment to turn from the consideration of *fin de siècle* fiction to the perusal of such a book as Sandeau's "Catherine" (translated by Jennie Hamilton Irving). The fortunes of the "little virgin," who was both good and beautiful, are enveloped by an atmosphere fragrant and refreshing as the odor of the hedges of Saint Sylvan—an atmosphere upon which the influence of the heroine's uncle, the curate François Paty, falls like the hallowing tones of the Angelus. Roger, the young nobleman who falls in love with Catherine is bullied and ridiculed into a hesitation that loses him the rustic maiden when she discovers his state of mind. It is in the delineation of this struggle between the influences surrounding the young aristocrat and his love for the curate's niece that Sandeau displays his peculiar power. After all, we feel that the marriage of Catherine to Claude, her clownish but brave-hearted lover, furnishes a happier ending to the story than would her elevation into the family of the de Songères. We have too few stories from the French, presenting, like this, a phase of life without a suggestion of impurity yet conveying the impression of reality. The work deserves a more skilful translation, both in justice to the author and reader. Her use of "one" is exasperating; the translator has never learned that the French *on* is often best rendered by a passive construction or she would not write such a sentence as "one saw him walking tranquilly among them." The book is bound in French style and contains a portrait of the author. (Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.)

London Letter

AMERICAN STUDENTS of English verse will, no doubt, hear with interest that Mr. Norman Gale proposes to visit New York during the winter. He has a new book, "Orchard Songs," in the press here; but the interest taken in his work on the other side of the Atlantic has, we are told, emboldened him to go over and make the acquaintance of his friends there, and—perhaps—to publish more than one volume of poems during his stay. Mr. Gale has until recently been occupied by tutorial work in the neighborhood of Rugby; but his literary work, as poet and critic, has latterly crept in so much upon his time, that he finds himself forced to abandon his mastership for a fuller devotion to the Muse. His advance into reputation has been very sudden. Some five years ago he was known to book-lovers only as the author of a little volume of verse called "Meadowsweet," which was published by Mr. George Over of Rugby. Then he issued, in conjunction with Mr. Charles H. Meade, a small book of essays, entitled "Thistledown," an experiment in which Mr. Gale himself was not very fortunate, the better work in the book being undoubtedly Mr. Meade's. But with the appearance of "A Country Muse," Mr. Gale's position became more assured. The minor poetry of the moment was inclined to be *decadent*, impressionist, artificial; and Mr. Gale's fresh love for the fresh fields, the blossoming orchard and the milkmaid, seemed like a return to wholesomeness. And he is now quite among the widely-read of the younger generation. This is no place

to enter into any lengthy consideration of his performance; but it may, perhaps, be noted that he figures quite conspicuously in the new volume of Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century." The chief fault of his verse is its want of variety in theme. If he is to hold a high place in contemporary poetry he must find some other subject than the perpetual pastoral. Perhaps his taste of American life will inspire him with some newer cast of thought; at present he runs the risk of wearying his admirers by harping overmuch upon a single string. Mr. Gale is a great book-collector, and has, I believe, a library full of curiosities in the shape of rare editions and obsolete works. In appearance he looks like one who sincerely loves the countryside of which he sings. He is tall and broad-shouldered, with an air of cordial geniality in his greeting, and among his many friends he is extremely popular. He is an acute but very kindly critic; one of those whom success has helped to a keener sympathy with work. No doubt we shall hear that he has made a new public for himself, and a number of new friends during his travels in America.

Messrs. Brentano, who have hitherto published the English edition of *The North American Review*, are closing their London house, and I have just heard that arrangements have been concluded by which Mr. Heinemann will, after October, be the London publisher of that periodical. Mr. Heinemann expresses great confidence in the review, which he considers equal in interest and variety to any of the English monthly papers; and, indeed, one cannot be surprised at his approval when one considers the distinguished list of contributors, and the very timely character of the articles. Mr. Heinemann is at any rate certain to give the paper a thoroughly good chance.

Mr. Andrew Lang was long since established as the popular editor of Sir Walter Scott, for whose romances he has an enthusiastic admiration which is scarcely in harmony with the revolutionary criticism of the younger generation. But those who are more conservative in their allegiance to Sir Walter—those, moreover, who think "to call him poet, too, were scarce misnomer"—will bear, with pleasure, that Mr. Lang is now editing an edition of Scott's ballads and lyrics, to which he will supply an introduction, dealing critically with the lyric achievement of his poet. The book will be illustrated, and will contain, as a frontispiece, a replica of Landseer's picture of Scott now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the well-known art critic, has, it is reported, finished his autobiography. The MS. has been delivered to the publisher to be kept under lock and key until after Mr. Hamerton's death, a decision which seems regrettable. The book must be full of interesting matter, and there can scarcely, one feels, be any reason for its present suppression. Perhaps, however, the author will change his mind.

In October there is to be yet another magazine, *The Woman at Home*, to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; and Mr. Baring-Gould has written for it a collection of short stories to be called "Idylls of Dartmoor." I was alluding only a few weeks ago to Mr. Baring-Gould's singular versatility, and now there comes the news that he has just concluded the libretto of an opera founded upon his novel, "The Red Spider." At the same time he has brought to a close his new novel, which will run through *Good Words* next year. Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch ("Q") is correcting the proofs of a new volume of short stories, "The Delectable Duchy," which will appear in the autumn; Mr. Thomas Hardy is also to give us a like volume; and Miss Marie Corelli's new three-volume novel is to be called "Barabbas: a Dream of the World's Tragedy." Another work of fiction, promised for the autumn, will be from the pen of Mr. Albert D. Vandam, author of "The Englishman in Paris," and will be entitled "The Mystery of the Patriots' Club." As far as fiction is concerned, therefore, we may expect a lively season.

One of the most interesting announcements—one, moreover, which is the cause of much conversation in literary circles—will, I fear, have reached New York before this letter; the intimation, I mean, that the proprietor of the New York *Herald* has arranged with M. Paul Bourget to visit America with a view to his writing an American novel for the *Herald*.^{*} It is also reported that Mr. Bennett has made a contract with M. Zola for the appearance of that writer's new story in the same pages. The triumph of journalism can scarcely farther go, perhaps, than in the case of M. Bourget, and it is a significant sign of the times that the daily paper is becoming hourly more and more literary in its scheme. A few years ago a signed article in *The Times* was a thing unknown; but recently there have been several cases in which well-known authors have contributed articles over their names. On the day on which I write, moreover, Mr. Zangwill has a signed short story in *The Sun*, whose front page, which deals chiefly in signed papers,

^{*} M. Bourget has been in this country for several weeks, and has contributed one or two articles to the *Herald*. Eds. CRITIC.

has proved one of the most taking features of that enterprising journal. There can be no doubt that England is energetically following the American lead, and that the claims and recompenses of journalism are gradually being recognized by men of literary standing and performance.

LONDON, 1 Sept. 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK, of which Boston is the centre, is \$5000 the richer by a recent discovery, and the world of art is richer in an æsthetic sense. In one of the retiring rooms devoted to the use of Justices of the Supreme Court in the new Court House has been hung a portrait by Copley, representing a Justice of colonial days. Until recently no one knew that it was a Copley. The discovery has been made by Mr. D. D. Sinclair, the artist engaged to restore the work when the Court moved to its handsome new quarters. A month ago the frame held an apparently cheap, begrimed picture, daubed over with certain "improvements" made a generation ago by one who evidently regarded himself as a "restorer." Mr. Sinclair removed these embellishments, and found Copley's signature with the date 1767. It is he who places the value of the picture at \$5000, that being the sum paid for other portraits painted at that time by Copley. No one knows who the subject of the painting is, although the best suggestion would have it represent Richard Auchmuty, the younger. Auchmuty was appointed Justice about 1767, and was one of those who plotted to have the colonial charter so altered as to overthrow the liberties of the New England people. When the Revolution broke out, as a pronounced loyalist he naturally disappeared; and in 1788 he died in London. All his property was confiscated by the town and sold to Gov. Increase Sumner, who, it is surmised, presented this portrait to the Supreme Court. An old tradition would have it that the picture represents Judge Hayward of South Carolina, but as the face is that of a mature man, and as Judge Hayward in 1767 was but twenty years of age, this theory does not seem to be correct. The Justice in the picture wears a red gown, and whoever can tell which branch of the colonial courts was thus costumed will assist in the search.

The passing away of John S. Dwight removes from Boston one of the most eminent of its musicians. His work for the good of music here has been inestimable. As founder and editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, he exerted a great influence for nearly thirty years in moulding public taste to an appreciation of high ideals. He lectured also, published a volume of translations from the German, contributed to *The Dial*, the magazine edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and helped to organize the famous Harvard Musical Association—the predecessor, so to speak, of our present Symphony concert system and an association under whose auspices Music Hall was built. Mr. Dwight was a graduate of Harvard (class of 1832) and of the Divinity School (class of 1836). Of his college class of seventy-two members, there are now but six survivors, four having passed away in the present year and nine in the three years since the quinquennial catalogue was issued. Of the Divinity School class, there is now but one survivor, the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Dwight was for six years pastor of the Unitarian Church in Northampton, and it was during this period that he joined the famous Brook Farm community in West Roxbury, associating with Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Ripley, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana and others. There he combined the teaching of music and literature with a day laborer's work on the farm, and continued in his task until the community was broken up. Mr. Dwight was a native of Boston and recently entered upon his eighty-first year.

I quote the last three of eight stanzas read at the funeral services by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:—

- "Now thou, a watchful sentinel,
Didst guard the gates of song,
That no unworthy note should pass
To do her temple wrong.
- "Dear are the traces of thy days
Mixed in these walks of ours;
Thy footsteps in our household ways
Are garlanded with flowers.
- "If we surrender, earth to earth,
The frame that's born to die,
Spirit with spirit doth ascend,
To live Immortally."

A memorial to the late John Boyle O'Reilly, to be raised by the City of Boston, was arranged during the past week, Mr. Daniel C. French, whose "Martin Milmore" and Concord "Minute Man" are so well-known, having submitted to the Art Committee a rough design which they unanimously accepted. The memorial will consist of a monolith some fourteen feet in height bearing upon its

lower part inscriptions commemorative of the poet, and ornamented at the top with designs adapted from ancient Celtic monuments. Against this monolith will stand a bronze bust of the poet mounted on a stone pedestal. Mother Erin, sitting between Poetry and Patriotism (representative of O'Reilly's chief characteristics), is shown with head bowed in sorrow weaving oak and laurel wreaths in honor of the dead. Patriotism shows a stalwart Irish chieftain, sword in hand, ready for battle. Poetry is represented by a youthful winged figure clasping the harp of Erin. These three figures are placed against a cross at the rear of the stone.

Tufts College has received as a legacy the income of \$25,000 to establish a professorship of rhetoric, while the Essex Institute at Salem has received manuscript writings of Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Bryant, all these being given by the will of the late Willard Goldthwaite, formerly a prominent carpet-dealer and the founder of a scholarship at Tufts in memory of his wife.

Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney has been invited to prepare a paper for the Free Religious Association Convention at the World's Fair Congress this month, but as it will be impossible for her to find time to do so, she will, instead, deliver an extemporaneous speech. Mrs. Cheney has just completed a memoir of Miss May and Miss Lucretia Crocker, which is expected to appear in October.

A member of the Massachusetts Librarian Club and also of the American Library Association, Mary A. Bean, died last week at the age of fifty-three. She was for twenty years Librarian of the Brookline Public Library and was well-known from her interest in all library matters.

BOSTON, 12 Sept., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, which is in session this week under the auspices of the World's Congress Auxiliary, is probably the most remarkable gathering of the kind that has ever been brought together. Many denominational congresses are held in connection with it, but the general Parliament, where every belief from Shintoism to Judaism will be given a hearing, overshadows the others. The work accomplished in the preparation of the program was prodigious, and Mr. Bonney and his assistants deserve the warmest commendation for their efforts. The Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, Presbyterian, is Chairman of the General Committee; with the Rt. Rev. William E. McLaren, Protestant Episcopal, and Prof. David Swing, Independent, as Vice-Chairmen, and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Unitarian, as Secretary. The other members of the Committee are drawn from twelve different denominations, and their labors will teach a new lesson of tolerance to the world. The projectors of this parliament hope for great results from the deliberations—results that will stimulate religious work in many directions and be of lasting benefit to mankind from the concentration of energies now widely scattered. The stated object of the congress—"to unite all religion against all irreligion, and to make the golden rule the basis of this union"—is certainly high enough to inspire enthusiasm. And if the effect is not so far-reaching as this, it will still be beneficent through the inevitable increase in breadth of comprehension and consequently in tolerance and generosity. Four eminent Japanese priests have travelled over seas to speak in this congress, and the different beliefs of India and China will be well represented. It would be useless to repeat the strange names of these pilgrims; but among those more familiar to our ears there are such distinguished ones as Cardinal Gibbons, the Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott and Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Josephine Lazarus, Prof. Henry Drummond, Prof. F. Max Müller, Dr. Andrew D. White, Prof. Thomas Dwight, Prof. F. G. Peabody, Prof. Washington Gladden and Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

The Swedish section has been the greatest surprise of the exhibit of fine arts at the Exposition, for these painters have so recently asserted themselves that few of them are known to collectors in this country. The strongest man of them all is only thirty-two years old, and the school of which he is distinctly the leader is, therefore, of recent formation. Its vitality, however, is due partly to the fact that each painter expresses himself, and not one of them imitates another to the exclusion of his own individuality. They have yielded somewhat to the omnipresent influence of France, but there is nevertheless a national feeling in their work which is evident to the most hurried visitor. It is elusive and shows itself more in outlook than in expression—in a certain rugged vigor of observation emphasized by a clear, direct and forceful technique. They have daring, these painters who do not hesitate to attack the least conventional subject, and the frankness with which they transcribe whatever lies around them extends to light and color and atmosphere. There is, too, a freshness, a vivacity in their work which is delightful. It has the mark of enthusiasm which is so potent an attraction—a youthful, ambitious enthusiasm that sees no obstacles. These qualities are epitomized in the work of Anders

Zorn, which dominates the exhibit. But his pictures have also something more; in spite of a daring which leaves one breathless they have the unmistakable touch of genius. One feels the innate force of the man, his power to control his own talent and bend it to his ends, his intellectual grasp of his art, and his potential mastery of it. For, much as he has accomplished already, he convinces one that he is destined to achieve more. There is a swiftness of movement in his work and a masculine virility which will conquer many difficulties.

Mr. Zorn is exceedingly clever in characterization, but like the most progressive French painters he is interested chiefly in the study of light. His interior of an omnibus is brilliantly clever, so adroit is it in the handling of crossing lights, and so charming is the picture evolved from an unpromising subject. He has *verve* and dash and sparkle, but beneath these there is something more intense, something that bids us await the development of this most artistic personality. Mr. Zorn has been in Chicago for several months, filling the post of Swedish Commissioner and acting on the art jury. He agreed to paint several portraits before his return, one of which is to represent Mrs. Palmer for the Board of Lady Managers; and he was about to fulfil these commissions when he was thrown from a horse, breaking his right collar-bone in two places. The injury is not dangerous, but it will incapacitate him for several weeks. Mr. Zorn, however, is not the only talented painter in Sweden; for Krüger, Ekström, Wahlberg, Lindström and Prince Eugen have each a fresh and individual touch in landscape, and Liljefors has painted some beautiful subjects with remarkable breadth and simplicity.

The latest literary debutante in Chicago is Miss Lilian Bell, whose "Love-Affairs of an Old Maid" was recently published by Harper & Bros. Though this is, I believe, her first book, Miss Bell has not been without her literary adventures. One of them is rather amusing. Several years ago she was a member of a small literary club—for the city is so strewn with them that no one can tell how much they will have to answer for to the coming generation. Though small, the club was ambitious and wished to do its work of research thoroughly; so to Miss Bell was given the subject of the literary women of the country then under discussion. She studied it up conscientiously, but failed to find any literary women of distinction. Not to be easily discouraged, however, she wrote an elaborate paper describing the lives and works of certain writers whose names are not to be found in the encyclopædias. And so cleverly was it done that not one of the members suspected that these characters were mythical until the romancer told them of the fact, when they were properly shocked by the affront to their dignity. The "Love-Affairs" make a series of bright little sketches, written with dash and vivacity, and entertaining in the same way and to the same degree as the latest bit of gossip.

They are the reflections of a warm-hearted, sympathetic, observant young woman; and the romances she relates are not her own but those of her friends, whose faults and failings are passed in review and whose secrets are revealed remorselessly. The stories are touched lightly, described rather than acted out, and if the writer's philosophy is sometimes rather thin and her conclusions obvious, one can forgive her for the breeziness of it all. She cannot vivify her characters, whose talk often contradicts the writer's description, but she can make them say clever things; and though she cannot analyze the hidden springs of action, she can write with originality and dash of the motives that lie nearer the surface. It is all very sentimental, the emotion of love seeming to be the only one worth considering; but it teaches some valuable lessons about women to the benighted sex which pretends to find them mysterious. And a sparkling, vivacious way of putting things gives the book stamina. "She is so perfect," says one of the characters, who never would have said it if he had been as obtuse as his confidant describes him as being, "that there is absolutely no flaw in her for me to recognize and feel friendly with."

This is not true of Miss Bell's little book, for not only is it far from perfect, but in spite of its obvious faults the interest it excites is distinctly of a friendly nature.

CHICAGO, 12 September, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Lounger

MR. ANDREW LANG does not want to hurry Mr. Gladstone, but he does wish that the Premier would appoint a Laureate and set the minds of the aspirants for that office at rest. The number of odes ground out on every odeous occasion fills his soul with worry. These poems may make good bonfires, as did those addressed to the beautiful Princess Frutilla by the aspirants for her hand. They stopped with her marriage, however. "In the same way," says Mr. Lang, "as long as we have no Laureate, as long as the 'butt of sherry to keep him merry' is maturing in the cellar, poets will certainly go on Pindarizing, like Ronsard. At burial, birth, or

bridal, they will punctually appear with dirges, natal odes, epithalamia. When a Laureate is appointed, or when we are firmly told that there is to be no Laureate, the authors of odes will cease firing." How thankful Mrs. Cleveland ought to be that there is no Laureate in this country. Think of the odes that would have been written on her marriage, the birth of her first-born and (what an opportunity!) the birth of her second, in the White House.

THE HOSPITALITY OF Chicagoans must have been taxed, this summer, beyond endurance—taxed even more than the patience of "the people of the West" has been taxed by the New York newspapers, if the wild and hirsute Senator Pepper is to be accepted as a mouthpiece of Western sentiment. Indications of restlessness under this burden of taxation are beginning to appear. Thus, I find in the *Chicago Tribune* of Sept. 3 the following advertisement:—"PERSONAL: NOTICE. Having entertained all known relatives for World's Fair, relatives in future must be identified. Foreign papers please copy. MR. AND MRS. S. W. MCC—." It will not be long, at this rate, before the McC's refuse to entertain even those belated relatives who succeed in identifying themselves.

ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE in a recent *Forum*, to which I have already referred, the life of a journalist is not an enviable one. It is all work and little pay; his day is night and his night is day. Not in every case, however. I know a journalist, one who holds an editorial position on a New York daily, who has done his work in an ideal way this summer. He lives in a village on the north shore of the Sound, not two hours' sail from New York, and every day takes the eleven o'clock boat to town. He has ample time to read the morning papers before he leaves home, and he writes his editorials on the boat with the beautiful shores of the Sound to inspire (or distract) him, every time he raises his eyes from the page. When he arrives in the city his day's writing is done. He goes to his office, however, reads his mail, consults with his brother editors, has his luncheon, and goes home on the four o'clock boat. I admit that this is an exceptional incident in a journalist's life, and the journalist in question has earned it. It will not last long. The boat has already stopped running for the summer, and the busy season is upon us.

I WAS SAILING up the Sound the other day when my attention was attracted by a desolate little island only a short distance from the city. There was no sign of life about it and only two or three leafless trees. Near one of these was a deserted hut. It was near evening and the declining sun left dark shadows across the barren spot. "What a place for a murder," I said to my companion. "It suggests Stevenson's 'Pavilion on the Links,'" she replied. Just then the boat's policeman passed us. "What place is that?" I asked, pointing to the little island. "I don't know its name," said he, "but it's where that Chinaman with the leprosy died six weeks ago. There is no one there now." A shiver passed over us as we thought of the poor wretch left to die alone on that sandy waste, yet with thousands of gay excursionists passing daily before his eyes. It looked the scene of a tragedy, and its looks did not belie it.

MR. C. F. CROSS, an English expert in paper, has confided to a representative of *The Westminster Gazette* that the paper on which most of the books of the present day are printed will not last three hundred years. In making this statement Mr. Cross hopes to alarm publishers into using better paper, yet I cannot but feel that the ephemeral quality of the paper is not altogether a bad thing. There are some modern books that would be worth preserving for three hundred years, but three years would be too long a life for most of them. How few books there are, after all, that one wants to give a permanent place in his library. He may read them once, and keep them for a while; but when he weeds his library, as most people who love books do, only those of the highest literary value are allowed to remain on his shelves.

PEOPLE HAVE different ideas about their libraries, as they have about other things. There are some who buy sets of the famous authors, those "without which no gentleman's library is complete"; and there are those who buy only their favorite volumes out of certain sets. I know of one person who prefers Thackeray to any other novelist, but who cares only for "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond" and "The Newcomes," which most people think the best of Thackeray's novels, he doesn't like at all. In fact, he says that he can't read them—that he has tried time and again, but cannot get interested. Yet this same person, though caring more for Thackeray than for Dickens, has read and enjoyed everything Dickens ever wrote. He is also an ardent admirer of Balzac, but cares only for "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau" and "Cousine Bette"—liking the latter not without a reser-

vation. Hawthorne is another of this reader's admirations; but he never gets beyond "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance" and "The Marble Faun." From almost every classic English author's list he chooses a few volumes, but not one of them, poet or prose-writer, does he take, so to speak, *en bloc*.

"PERHAPS THE HILARITY of the Chicago critic over the mispronunciations (as he calls them) of 'Midway *Plaisance*' will be mitigated," writes H., "when he learns that the word itself in that collocation is neither French nor English and is simply a monstrosity, whatever its pronunciation be. In French, *plaisance* is never used at all without *de* before it, and then in the narrowest sense, as *maison de plaisance*, and the like. The proper English form of it, common in Tudor and Stuart literature, is *pleasaunce*, *pleasance*—a word of charming aspect and associations, continued in that spelling and acceptation ('pleasure-ground,' 'park,' etc.), by Sir Walter Scott and Charles Kingsley. Why, possessing so pretty a word, so thoroughly Anglicized by so long a line of illustrious writers, should we tolerate the monster 'plaisance' and all the comical twists and turns given to his tail? Is this another phase of Chicago-ese? Let the word at once be spelt *Pleasaunce* or *Pleasance*, as it has been for three hundred years."

"IN YOUR last issue," writes Irving Browne, "you quote Mr. Crane as saying that 'no literary man distinguished in *belles lettres*, history, poetry, or essay, has ever written a good play.' Has he forgotten Lord Lytton, who wrote two of the best plays of modern times?" Undoubtedly he has; and he has also forgotten a much more distinguished man-of-letters than Lord Lytton, who wrote some of the best fiction and poetry in the language, and a comedy that has held the boards for a hundred and twenty years, and is still seen with undiminished delight. If the author of "She Stoops to Conquer" is not "distinguished in *belles lettres*, history, poetry or essay," then no one ever was. But Mr. Crane's statement is hardly worth refuting. If it were, one might disprove it without considering the literature of any land but England.

THERE ARE SOME pretty poor statues in New York, and a few—a very few—good ones. The Lincoln in Union Square is one of the poorer sort. But surely it deserves a better fate than that the railing around it should be used as a hitching-place for horses. Better tear the statue down, than insult the memory of Lincoln by stabling a lot of car-horses under his nose. Through the efforts of the *Tribune*, the nuisance has just been abated.

THE NAME OF Fanny Brawne has been handed down to the present generation with not many words of compliment. It is generally considered that she showed a strange want of refinement, to speak no more severely of her conduct, when she published her love-letters from the poet Keats. Miss Katherine Tynan, in lately writing on "Keats's Heroines," speaks of Miss Fanny as "a commonplace girl." A lady, who signs herself Rosa Perrins, comes to the rescue of the generally abused girl and denies that she was "commonplace":—"Miss Brawne was my mother's great friend, and I knew her well up to the time I was almost fifteen, when she left England. She was a very striking, dignified woman; fair, very pale, with bright, dark eyes, and light brown hair; very clever, and most brilliant in society. I remember my mother saying she was a most lovely girl, but that she lost all her beautiful color in an illness she had after her engagement with Keats was broken off—that mad boy Keats, as they spoke of him then." All of which is interesting, and I hope that it is true; but I don't see how a girl who seemed to care so little for her lover managed to lose "all her beautiful color" from an illness caused by grief over their broken engagement.

"Social Test-Words"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette's* literary editor, being a woman, has an intuition that your "New Englander" also "must be a woman, no doubt young at that," and expresses surprise that "The Critic," the leading American literary journal, should print as its leading article this production." But it appears that you knew what you were about. The reading that this Boston young woman's leading article has led to is entertaining and instructive. Yet most of your replying correspondents seem to have missed the meaning of her article. If the article was serious, it meant that the young woman of "good form" in New England is utterly innocent of the sound of *r* in the ending of a syllable. If satirical, it meant just the faintest and most delicious odor of a laugh at such innocence. Your "A. R. F.," Aug. 24, though he affects to argue it, does not really believe that the article is satirical. He is merely

poking fun at its solemn author. He knows that there could be no American satire as delicious as that, even in Boston. Clearly, it is serious. The young woman is as innocent in her assumption that "parse" is pronounced *pahs* and "tomarto" *tomahto*, as she is in calling the Italian *a* "long *a*," or in making her society's "good form" an authority higher than the dictionaries. The serene, self-tasting sweetness of this Bostonian ignorance of the sounds of letters of the alphabet, and even of their names, is what gives her article its savory quality as a "social test." That the only part of our country in which the pronunciation of English has so degenerated as to be everywhere else recognized as an American dialect should presume to teach the rest of the country how to pronounce, and this in defiance of the dictionaries, and attempt it through the mouth of a young woman incapable of discriminating between the sound of *ar* and the sound of *ah*, and confident of *tomarto* as a test of high breeding—this is the joke of the thing.

XENIA, OHIO.

C. K.

What strikes the Old Englander as mighty odd in the *tomayto* discussion is the perverse mis-spelling of some exceedingly easy words. When the writers mean the sound *ah* they spell it *ar*. Worst of all is the reporter's slip-slop way of trying to convey the English accent in blasted and fancy, by distorting them into *blarsted* and *fawncy*. As a fact, I suppose no Englishman ever did pronounce fancy with a broad *a*. The most laughed at thing by English audiences in the popular play "The Colonel" was the way the Colonel said *tomayto*. It was new to us, and therefore odd; that was all. America is supposed to be a free country, and, for the life of me I don't see why Americans should go running about with blushing apologies and hysterical appeals to dictionaries. If potato, being of full age, has a fixity of sound, why trouble over tomato, because of its juvenility and doubtful settlement? I suppose the Sandwich Islanders say *tomahto*, and we simply copy them. And why does "New Yorker" condescend to print the words "good form" in those abject quotation marks? Must Americans neither speak, spell, nor write words without the permission of Cockneydom, and then only with due proclamation of indebtedness? This whole business of verbal and literal variations seems rather pedantic if not puerile.

ARGUS.

How the sounds of the letter *a* become changed on the tongues of different persons is past understanding. I was born and brought up in Cleveland, Ohio, married some years ago a Chicago man, but have lived most of the past six years in Europe and Mexico, spending much time in New York. I never use the narrow sound of *a* in the wrong place. My brother, also born in Cleveland but educated in Germany, invariably misuses it. Is it not curious? I am quite sure there can be no question of social distinction between my brother and me. I believe the fault lies wholly with the teachers who train the youthful tongues.

CINCINNATI, 7 Sept., 1893.

E. S. S.

It is easy to understand that one should be surprised at the "discovery" that he has been blundering along all his lifetime in ignorance of the correct pronunciation of so familiar a word as tomato; and not only surprised, but, perhaps, chagrined and mortified, especially if he has set himself up as one of the elect in refinement and culture, and as an expert in questions of philology; but it seems as though there were a better way to meet the emergency, than to mount his high horse of "serene and self-satisfied obstinacy," and attempt to face it out with such argument, grammar and rhetoric as characterize the article before me. The best that can be said of it, is that it affords ample evidence of the critic's consistent observance of the "general rule" which he commends, in my opinion "not wisely," to others.

NEW YORKER.

I do not know in what part of New England lives the writer of the article on "Social Test-words" in the last number of *The Critic*; but he is very certainly incorrect in asserting that the word banana "is, in New England, universally pronounced *banarna*, except by the dealers, who pronounce it *bananna*, or *banayna*." So far is this from being the case, that I do not believe anyone in New England, unless he be of Hibernian descent, pronounces this word in the manner indicated.

Perhaps the writer does not really mean that the word is to be pronounced in accordance with his mode of spelling it (*i.e.*, with an *r* in the second syllable); but that he adopts this mode of spelling to indicate that the sound of the *a* is broad, or like the Italian *a*—a sound indicated in Webster and Worcester by the mark "over the vowel." If this is the case, then he is unfortunate in the mode of representing his meaning. The same may be said in regard to the word tomato, which he declares he shall continue to pronounce *tomarto*, even if all the dictionaries should gainsay him. Now, without boasting of a familiarity with all the "refined and culti-

vated" people in the vicinity of Boston and Cambridge, I will say that my own experience, as far as it goes, is entirely at variance with that of the writer of the article, and that I *never* heard anyone of my "society" or scholarly acquaintances say *tomarto* or *banarna*, nor even *parse*, for pass. If they all *did* use these words in this way, I certainly never would imitate them, for I think such liberties in pronunciation surpass the authority of "the leaders of fashion" here or elsewhere. The contracting of such words as novel, curtain, satin, Latin, etc., is a small matter compared with such a radical change in the form of a word as the insertion of a consonant that never had any part in the original form of the word. I have consulted various English dictionaries without finding any authority for even these contractions alluded to, although there is the encouragement in analogy for such contractions. We say *shuv!* for shovel. But the abuse of a word like *tomato* by pronouncing it with an *r* inserted has no analogy in the English or any other language.

If "we can judge of the refinement and culture of our acquaintances by the language which they use," I should certainly judge that New Englanders who pronounced *tomato* and *banana* in the ways recommended by "New Englander" were lacking in both refinement and culture. The "test" would in this case be applied with a result differing from that of the writer of the article alluded to. Perhaps "New Englander" will set himself right in his really interesting though not wholly defensible paper. *The Critic* is a great teacher, and it would be unfortunate if any of its readers should be led into erroneous pronunciations through a misleading method of representing the sounds of the vowels.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Fine Arts

"Some Hints on Learning to Draw"

THE PRINCIPAL novelty about this book of Mr. G. W. Hutchinson's is in the illustrations, which include reproductions of free-hand drawings, in various manners, by living artists. These serve, at least, to balance the effect of the drawings from blocks with which, as is usual, the student is required to begin. This should help to guard the learner from the mistake which he is so apt to make, of regarding his preparatory work as constituting an end in itself. Yet the author might have gone further in the same direction. We doubt the reasonableness of teaching first the most abstract method of drawing—outline; and then abstract form, without color, unless some attempt is made, at the same time, or earlier, in the opposite direction. Still, it is something to find in an elementary book of this sort examples of artistic drawing. These examples are all contributed by artists of the English school with the exceptions of some pen-drawings by Mr. Pennell and some woodcuts of Durer's. Among the best is a pen-and-ink of a man's head by G. P. Jacob Hood; a wash-drawing of beech trees, by Alfred Parsons; a head in chalk, by H. S. Marks; and a pencil-drawing of a rose, by Mr. Poynter. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)

Art Notes

THE SUCCESS of the volume of "American Illustrators," which the Messrs. Scribner published last year, has induced them to publish a similar volume on "French Illustrators"—the first book on the subject, by the way. The text will be written by M. Louis Morin and introduced by M. Jules Claretie. M. Morin not only describes the work of the Paris artists, but their manner of life as well. His first chapter is devoted to the Monceaux quarter, a second describes Montmartre, while others are given to the suburbs, etc. More than sixty artists are represented—the most famous by large plates, and all by text illustrations. There will be fifteen plates printed in color on Japan paper, and more than one hundred sketches, portraits and drawings in the text. The book is divided into five parts, each enclosed in a separate cover, with a design in colors, the portfolio holding the five parts being designed by Albert Lynch. It is expected to be ready early in November.

—Messrs. Richard M. Hunt, William R. Ware and Napoleon Le Brun have been appointed to select the best six of the 133 designs for the new City Hall in this city, submitted recently in competition. The municipal officers will then accept one of the six sketches thus called to their attention. This plan ensures the acceptance of a design that comes within five of being the best offered, and ensures nothing more.

—One of our Paris readers writes:—"In your account of the new Congressional Library building, no mention is made of the architect. The omission of the name of the sculptor of a statue in the report of its inauguration is the common practice in the United States. I have noted this many times. Here in France the author of a work of art is never ignored by the newspapers. This fact will suggest several reflections which I need not make in the presence of your intelligent readers, however."

Notes

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN has written a *Life of Nelson*. This may not prove to be a more popular book than Southey's, but it can hardly fail to surpass the poet's at every point where knowledge of the sea and naval warfare is needed in writing the biography of a fighting sailor.

—For a volume of the speeches of Gov. William E. Russell of Massachusetts, edited by Charles Theodore Russell, Jr., Col. Higginson is to provide an introduction. Little, Brown & Co. are to be its publishers.

—Gov. McKinley's "Speeches and Addresses"—sixty-five of them—are coming out through D. Appleton & Co. Thirty of them were made in Congress. The essays on Charities, the Drink Problem, Labor, Foreign Commerce, Penal Methods, etc., read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association during the season 1892-3, are ready at the Appletons' in a volume entitled "Factors in American Civilization."

—"Comic Tragedies," the actual plays of Miss Alcott's "Little Women"; "Helpful Words," being prose extracts from the writings of Edward Everett Hale; and "Fifty Years," being poems by the same writer, are issuing from the press of Roberts Bros.

—Macmillan & Co. are to be the publishers of the volume on "American Bookplates," by Charles Dexter Allen, to which we have referred as a work in preparation. They announce also "Chronological Outlines of American Literature" and "Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics," the latter by Henry Rutgers Marshall, the New York architect who designed Rudyard Kipling's house at Brattleboro, Vt.

—Eyre Crowe's "With Thackeray in America" is enlivened by 121 sketches of men and scenes by the way, struck off by the chronicler himself. Charles Scribner's Sons publish the book.

—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who arrived from Europe last week, has recently bought land at Tenant's Harbor, Me., near the mouth of Penobscot Bay. It is said to be his intention to build there a summer residence of elaborate design, to be ready for occupancy next summer.

—The Clyde and its scenery form the background for J. M. Barrie's new novel—a book which he is writing at Kerriemuir ("Thrums"). Mr. Barrie's fellow-villagers are said to be very proud of his literary successes, "even though they have a pet theory that, having set down in his notebook the stories and anecdotes communicated to him by a certain local worthy, he merely makes fair copies and despatches them to his London publisher."

—A writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* reports the mound over Rossetti's grave, in the pretty old churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea, as being "trodden away" by visitors, and suggests that an iron railing be placed around the grave and monument.

—To Prof. Virchow has been assigned the delicate task of determining whether or no a skull recently unearthed in Greece is that of Sophocles. The *London Lancet* is not alone, we fancy, in wondering what sort of cranial structure held the brains of the writer of the *Antigone*.

—The late John E. De Witt, President of the Portland (Maine) Society of Art, is said to have owned one of the finest private libraries in the United States.

—Again an American girl is to create the leading rôle in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Miss Nancy McIntosh, we learn from a London paper, has already gained success as a vocalist at the Monday Popular Concerts and elsewhere. She is a native of Cleveland, and has studied singing under Mr. Errani in New York and Mr. Henschel in London.

—Mr. Francis Parkman, the historian, who has returned in greatly improved health to his home at Jamaica Plain, Mass., will celebrate his seventieth birthday to-day (Saturday).

—Mr. Marion Crawford is making a brief visit to this country. Besides a new play by Marion Crawford, Mr. Daly announces one by Henry James and another by F. C. Burnand.

—Miss Emma M. Converse of Providence, an astronomical writer of note, died at Whitefield, N. H., on Sept. 6. She had long been engaged in literary pursuits, and for about sixteen years had written monthly articles on astronomical calculations, which have been widely reprinted. Miss Converse was born in Salem in 1820, and had been a contributor to *The Atlantic*, *The Scientific American* and *The Youth's Companion*. As a translator she had done much work for D. Appleton & Co.

—Of Richard Le Gallienne's "Religio," which will be ready this month, *The Westminster Budget* says:—"It will be found to be a precious ecstasy in red and black, consisting of old English lettering (tempered by italics) within a sort of Persian border."

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